





There is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Annumel's veins,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Loose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see,  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

O'er dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of <sup>God</sup>  
Be saved, to sin no more.

Ere since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds ~~drop~~ <sup>drop</sup> ~~off~~  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.



Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor hisping hammer  <sup>tongue</sup> ~~ring~~  
Lies silent in the grave.

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"There is a plain beyond the sky  
And there a glorious city stands,  
God is the builder of her walls—  
Unwrought by art, unmade by hands.

Salvation shines upon her gates  
In characters of pearly light,  
Her walls a pile of adamant—  
Her streets a sea of crystal bright.

And who are they who solemn move  
In robes of white her ways among  
With crowns upon each hallow'd head  
And praises on each burning tongue?

Through toil & trouble sore who passed  
On earth while wandering these are they,  
But God hath cleansed the spotted robe  
And wiped the unhallow'd tear away.

Of earthly joy their share was small  
Pain wrung the heart—wont bow'd the head  
Sorrow & sin & shame they knew  
And oft they wept & oft they bled.



Yet through the power of sovereign grace  
Redeem'd from sin renew'd to God  
They loved the truth which Jesus  
taught.

And triumph'd in the path He trod.

And who is He upon the Mount  
Whose forehead bears the unuttered  
name? (Shout  
Round Him his ransom'd people,  
'Tis He, and "worthy is the Lamb!"

And who is He upon the Throne  
Whose glory harping angels tell?  
His name is Spirit, Light and Love  
'Tis God Himself the Unsearchable.

Blessed O City are thy walls!  
And blessed who inhabit them  
God is thy temple & thy Light!  
Thy name — The new Jerusalem!"

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August 10<sup>th</sup> 1853.

Kate B.



Just as I am, without one plea,  
Save that Thy blood was shed for me  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, helpless, blind;—  
Sight, wisdom, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come



Just-as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Thou pardon, welcome, bless, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe;  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just-as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

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August 22<sup>nd</sup> 1855  
B. Parker.



